The Radical.

"OUR COUNTRY AND OUR COUNTRY'S WEAL."

BY I. ADAMS. BOWLING-GREEN, PIKE COUNTY, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1844. Vol. III.--No. 19.

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A Morn of Love.

The sun arose, mid clouds withdrawn,
In golden haze, in amber-mist;
The mountains in the gradual dawn
Blush'd as the god their foreheads kist.
The spirit of the morning threw
A holiness wher'er we trod;
And every drop of perfect dew
Enshrined an image of the god.
Oh, thus, I sigh'd, as hears the dew
The presence of yon orb divine,
So shrines my heart a form as true,
And that blest form, dear maid, is thine.
In sweet confusion stood she by,
With modest air, abash'd, and meek;
The blushes of the eastern sky
Had left their throne to grace her cheek.
Still not in these spoke Hope alone,
But in her eyes where Truth was born:
Oh, never heart of man had known
So fair a love, so sweet a morn!

The Last Scene in Major Jones' Courtship--an example for all young folks to follow.

PINEVILLE, Feb. 24, 1843.

To Ma. THOMPSON—*Dear Sir:*—I am too happy and no mistake—the twenty-second of February is over, and the consummation so devotedly to be wished for' is took place. In other words I's a married man!! I aint in no situation to tell you all how the thing took place, not by no means, and if it wasn't my promise, I don't believe I could keep away from my wife long enough to rite you a letter. Bless her little sole, I didn't think I loved her half so good as I do; but to tell you the rale truth, I do believe I've been almost out of my senses ever sense nite afore last. But I must be short this time, while the gals is plagin Mary in tother room. They are so bad.

I had the licens got more'n a week ago, and old Mr. Eastman brung home my weddin sute jest in time. Mother would make me let Cousin Pete wait on me, and Miss Kesiah was brides maid. Mother and old Miss Stallions had every thing ranged in fust rate style long afore the time ariv, and nothin was wantin but your company to make every thing complete.

Well, bout sundown Cousin Pete cum round to my room whar we rigged out for the occasion, and I don't believe I ever seed him look so good, but if he'd jest take off them bominable grate big sorrel whiskers of his, he'd looked a monstrous site better. I put on my yaller britches and blue cloth cote and white satin jacket, and my new beaver hat, and then we druv round to old Squire Rogerses, and tuck him into the carriage, and away we went out to old Miss Stallionses plantation. When we got thar, thar was a most everlastin getherin thar waitin to see the ceremony afore they ate supper. Every body looked glad, and old Miss Stallions was flyin about like she did'nt know which end she stood on.

'Come in, Joseph,' ses she, the gals is in the tother room.'

But I couldn't begin to git in tother room for the fellers all pullin and maulin and shakin the life out o' me to tell me how glad they was.

'Howdy, Majer, howdy,' ses old Mr. Biers, 'I give you joy,' ses he—'yer gwine to marry the flower o' the country, as I always sed. She's a monstrous nice gal, Majer.'

'That's a fact,' ses old Mr. Skinner, 'that's a fact, and I hope you'll be a good husband to her, Joseph, and that you'll have good luck with your little——.'

'Thank ye, thank ye, gentlemen—come along Cousin Pete,' ses I, as quick as I could git away from 'em.

The door to tother room was opened and in we went. I never was so struck all up in a heap afore—there set Mary with three or four more gals, butiful as a angel and blushin like a rose. When she seed me she kind o' looked down and sort o'smiled, and sed 'good evenin.' I couldn't say a word for my life, for more'n a minit. Thar she sot, the dear gal of my hart, and I couldn't help but think to myself what a infurnal cuss a man must be who could marry her and then make her unhappy by treatin her mean; and I determined in my sole to stand atween her and the storms of the world, and to love her, and take care of her, and make her happy as long as I lived. If you could jest seen her as she was dressed then, and you wa'nt a married man, you couldn't help but envy my luck, after all the trouble I's had to git her. She was dressed jest to my likin, in a fine white muslin frock, with short sleeves, and white satin slippers, with her hair all hangin over her snow-white neck and shoulders in beautiful curls, without a single brestpin or any kind of jueiry, cept a little white satin bow on the top of her head. Bimeby Miss Carline cum into the room.

'Cum, sis, they's all reddy,' ses she, and thar was great big tears in her eyes, and she went and give Miss Mary a kiss rite on her mouth, and hugged her a time or two.

We all got up to go. Mary trembled monstrous, and I felt sort o' lainty myself, but I didn't feel nothin like cryin.

When we got in the room whar the cumpany was, old Squire Rogers stopt us rite in the middle of the floor and axed us for the licens. Cousin Pete handed 'em to him and he red em out loud to the people, who was still as deth. After talkin a little, he went on—

'If enny bodily's got ennything to say why this couple should not be united in the holy bands of wedlock,' ses he, 'let 'em now speak, or always afterwards hold their peace—'

'Oh, my Lord! oh, my darlin daughter! oh dear laws a massy!' ses old Miss Stallions, as loud as she could squall, a clappin her hands and crym and shoutin like she was at a camp meetin.

Thunder and lightnin' thinks I: here's another yearth quake. But I held on to Mary, and was determined that nothin short of a real bust up of all creashun should git her from me.

'Go ahead, Squire,' ses Cousin Pete; 'it aint nothin.'

Mary blushed dredful, and seemed like she would drop on the flore.

Miss Carline cum and whispered sumthin to her, and mother and two or three old wimmin got old Miss Stallions to go in tother room.

The squire went through the ballance of the bisness in a hurry, and me and Mary was made flesh of one bone and bone of one flesh before the woman got over her highstericks.—When she got better she cum to me and hugged me and kissed me as hard as she could rite afore 'em all, while the old codgers in the room was salutin the bride, as they called it. I didn't like thot part of the ceremony at all, and wanted to change 'em monstrous bad; but I reckon I've made up for it sense.

After the marryin was over we all tuck supper, and the way old Miss Stallionses table was kivered over with good things was astonishin. After playin and frolickin till bout ten o'clock, the bride's cake was cut, and sich a cake was never baked in Georgia afore. The Stallionses bein Washintons, thar wasn't no wine, but the cake wa'nt bad to take jest dry so. Bout twelve o'clock the cumpany begun to cut out home, all of 'em jest as sober as when they cum.

I had to shake hands again with 'em all, and tell 'em all good nite.

'Good nite, Cousin Mary,' ses Pete—'good nite Majer,' ses he, 'I spose you aint gwine back to town to-nite,' and then bust rite out in a big laugh, and away he went.

That's jest the way with Pete, he's a good feller enough, but he aint got no better sense.

Mary ses she's sorry she couldn't send you no more cake, but Mr. Montgomery's saddle bags wouldn't hold half she rapped up for you.—Don't forgit to put our marriage in the papers. No more from

Your friend til deth.
JOS. JONES.

To Boys.—Boys listen to us a moment. Do you wish to become good men and influential citizens? Do you wish to command the respect of the wise and good? Then abstain from all that is eval. Go not into improper society; use not profane or indecent words; speak no falsehood; never cheat; never lie; be perfectly honest. Remember your conduct will have an influence over your life. If you are virtuous, and improve your time in useful pursuits, we have no hesitation in saying that if you live you will become ornaments to society. On the contrary, if you yield to bad examples and influences, have no regard to virtue or truth, breaking the Sabbath; wander about with the profane and idle, during your leisure evenings, we tell you plainly that it will prove your ruin. Be careful then to do right, to have the fear of God before you and to walk in the path of integrity. Then your early days will be precursers of a glorious manhood and an useful and happy life.—[Port. Tribune.

From the Southern Planter.

Plaster of Paris.--Charcoal.

Mr. Editor:—A distinguished politician of the west adopted as his motto, "Clay first, Clay last, and Clay all the time." My motto as a farmer is, Manure first, Manure last, and Manure all the time. It is a well known fact, that most of the farmers east of Richmond, who have been induced to sow plaster upon their fields, have long since given up the use of it as worthless, and upon some minds a strong prejudice exists against its use, not having seen, as they say, the least beneficial results from it. Plaster is a very insoluble substance, requiring nearly five hundred parts of water to dissolve one of plaster. When it is sown upon the soil, therefore, and acts beneficially, it is owing to its chemical action. Unless it comes in contact with some substance in the soil capable of decomposing it, it will remain unchanged and inert, and no good result can be expected to follow its use. Professor Liebig's theory, that plaster decomposes the ammonia that falls in rain water, I am disposed to call in question, for the following reason.* It is rational to conclude that the same quantity of ammonia, (which he says is always present in rain water) would be brought down in one place as in another, and the beneficial effects of plaster would be (according to his theory) everywhere alike manifest.—This we know from experience is not the case. But I must be permitted to say that where the use of plaster comes to be properly understood, it is, in my judgement, destined to hold a high rank among the farmers of the East, as it now does among the farmers of the West. To all I would say, use plaster liberally in constructing your manure and compost heaps; never allow either to ferment without a proper admixture of ground plaster in the heap. In this way the plaster is decomposed, and two compounds are formed, sulphate of ammonia and carbonate of lime, and the volatile portion of the manure heap will be retained for the use of crops. And here I would respectfully urge upon my brother farmers to adopt some plan without delay to save the liquid manure of animals. The ready wit of every farmer will suggest the manner of doing it. Some might be aided by reference to an article of mine in your paper, January number for 1842. If the solid and liquid excrements cannot be saved together in a well constructed reservoir, water tight, and protected from the weather, the solid may be fermented by pouring the liquid upon it, but don't forget the PLASTER. After fermentation especially, in all cases, it should be protected from the weather, or much of the value will be lost from drenching rains. I have nearly filled two sides of my sheet, but I must say something about

CHARCOAL.

Professor Liebig has said, charcoal *previously heated to redness*, will absorb ninety times its volume of ammoniacal gas. I have no doubt of it.—Mark the words in italics, "previously heated to redness." Charcoal has also great affinity for carbonic acid, but it has a greater affinity for water than for any of the gases; when filled with either carbonic acid or ammoniacal gas, upon being made wet this gas will be liberated and the pores of the charcoal become filled with water. Now suppose from exposure to the atmosphere the pores of the charcoal should be filled with carbonic acid. Then place it over a stream of ammoniacal gas, the ammonia could not enter, because it could not displace the carbonic acid; but suppose the farmer should use charcoal in his manure heaps instead of plaster, and it should be in a condition to absorb the ammoniacal gas, the character of the ammonia is still the same; charcoal does not deprive it of its volatility; consequently the moment it is disengaged by the charcoal becoming wet, there is danger of a loss of all the ammonia.

I have made the foregoing plain remarks in regard to charcoal, because I perceive from the agricultural periodicals it is becoming very fashionable, and I fear many fatal mistakes will be the result.†

In conclusion, I must again say to all, use ground plaster liberally in your stables, cow-sheds, manure and compost heaps, and the results cannot be doubtful.

I remain truly, yours.
GEO. WOOSTER.

* The fact that plaster and carbonate of ammonia mutually decompose each other when brought into contact at common temperatures I do not for a moment call in question. The decompesition, however, is slow. The quantity of plaster is so small generally when sown upon the surface, and the action upon soils so different from that of others I cannot subscribe to his theory about rain water and plaster.

† Charcoal is most usually recommended to be used about manure heaps to retain the ammonia,—I would not rely upon it. Will Mr. Drummond give us the practical results of his experiment with charcoal as a manure?

"Fifty Years Since."

The New York Mirror contains an essay on the manners and customs fifty years since, which is full of admonition to the present generation. Fifty years make a great change, not only in the condition of an individual, but in the habits and principles of society.

We make an extract for the benefit of our readers, male and female. The writer says:—

"When Washington was President, his wife knit stockings in Philadelphia, and the mother made doughnuts and cakes between Christmas and New Year's; now the married ladies are too proud to make doughnuts, besides they don't know how, so they even send to Madam Pomadour, or some other French cake Baker, and buy sponge cake for three dollars a pound. In those days, New York was full of substantial comforts; now it is full of splendid misery; then there was no grey headed spinsters, (unless they were ugly indeed,) for a man could get married for a dollar, and begin housekeeping for twenty, and washing his clothes and in cooking his victuals, the wife saved more money than it took to support her. Now I have known a minister get five hundred dollars for bucking a couple, the wine, cake and et ceteras, five hundred more—wedding clothes and jewels a thousand—six or seven hundred in driving to the springs or some deserted mountain, then a house must be got for eight hundred dollars per annum, and furnished at an expense of two or three thousand—and when all is done, his pretty wife can neither make a cake nor put an apple in a dumpling. Then a cook must be got for ten dollars per month—a chamber maid, a laundress, and seamstress at seven dollars each, and as the fashionable folly of the day has bamished the mistress from the kitchen, those blessed helps aforesaid, reign supreme, and while master and mistress are playing cards in the parlor, the servants are playing the devil in the kitchen—thus lighting the candle at both ends it soon burns out. Poverty comes in at the door and drives love out at the window. It is this stupid and expensive nonsense which deters so many unhappy old bachelors from entering the state of blessedness; hence you find more deaths than marriages."

From the N. York Washingtonian Organ.

What is Intemperance!—Where is it!

To the first question, language has never given a satisfactory answer, for the ready reason that it cannot do justice to thot'; and where conception itself shrinks in conscious incompetency from the task of spanning a subject, it is still less to be expected that words will do it; their utmost power is suggestive. Intemperance, if we may be allowed a metaphor, is the completest and most perfect instrument for the annihilation of human happiness, that Satanic ingenuity has ever yet forged in the regions below. It is the most finished production if diabolical cunning, to accomplish the aims of its malevolence, with which humanity has ever been scourged. It is no wayward conjecture, that if the archives of the infernals could be explored, it would be found recorded upon their adamantine pages that he who first devised the scheme of intemperance as a means of enlarging the dominions of his king, was honored as having out-devilled his compeers, and earned a more distinguished infamy as the reward of his malign discovery.

Intemperance, (to change the metaphor,) is a curse that, in the heart and centre of civilization, has reared its collossal form to heaven, until its shadows have darkened the borders of heathenism itself; nothing is permitted to bloom or flourish within its death-dispensing shade—its approach withers, its presence blasts, its touch destroys—it is the blighting, burning, maddening, consuming spirit of evil: the woe of all woes, the curse of all other curses which afflict the world! Without one favorable aspect to redeem it from unqualified execration, we behold it the perfect ideal of deformity, hatefulness, and sin; and to aggravate the maturity of its ugliness, it is voluntary, self-inflicted.

But we may derive, still further light upon this point, by answering the question, where may it be found?

It is not, then, in pagan Ethiopia, shrouded, in the darkdness of intellectual midnight that we shall see it. The wild, undisciplined Barbarian whom we so much commiserate, is in a state of thrice blessed ignorance upon this point of civilized refinement. Nor can we find it among vagrant Arabs, wandering through moral and material deserts,—the crude teachings of the Moslem faith are still sufficient to interdict this primary breach of moral and religious obligation. Nor yet in benighted Burmah, lost in the fathomless abyss of the most hideous heathenism, shall we seek it successfully. We shudder with instinctive horror at the recital of their practices, but they can produce nothing to match this custom of ours. The wretched idolater pleads the command of heaven in defence of his widow-burning rites; but the widow-slaughtering institutions of Christianity claim no such authority for their perpetuity. No; intemperance is pre eminently the vice of Christendom, and it flourishes luxuriantly in the soil of the Republic—the nation of freedom, law and self-government; the country of schools, universities, seminaries and churches; of teachers and ministers, newspapers and books—in the midst of all the multiplied and concurring influences, embraced by the highest state of Christian civilization. When we reflect that this appalling evil is not an infliction of Infinite wrath upon weak and impotent beings, but that man in the full freedom of choice draws it down upon his own head, that he, and not his Maker, is the author of the curse; it is then that we are conscious of the possibilty of its removal. If its vastness, considered alone, would forbid human effort to attempt the task of its overthrow, the fact that it is of man's creation, subject to his will, encourages us to continue our exertion for its removal.

Drink.—There is no axiom of health more just than "that men never have a true appetite till they can eat with relish any ordinary food." It is told of John Bailes, who lived to the age of 128, that his food or most part consisted of brown bread and cheese, and his drink water and milk. He had buried the whole town of Northampton twenty times over, excepting three or four, and said strong drink killed them all. Water manifestly is the natural beverage of all animals; whole nations, as the Mahometans and Hindoos, use it alone as a beverage, and unlike other drink, it does not cloy the appetite, but the contrary; indeed, it was observed by Hippocrates above two thousand years ago, that water drinkers have generally been appetites. It is a fluid that requiers digestion, for it is not necessary that it should undergo any changes; it is the natural monstrum which holds in solution both what is essential for the nutrition and healthy function of the body, and what has become refuse, after having served its destined office an intention in the annual economy. Water, therefore, from its congenial qualities, can never much disturb the system; and when it does, it is speedily expelled by its natural outlets, the skin and kidnies. It is told of the Lord Heathfield, so well known for his hardy habits of military discipline and watchfulness, "his food was vegetables, and his drink water, never indulging himself in animal food or wine;" and Sir John Sinclair, in his work on longevity, says, in the account of Mary Campbell then aged 105, that she prefers pure water to any other drink.—*Dr. Hume Weatherhead.*

CONGRESS.—By reference to the proceedings of Congress on the 27th ult., it will be perceived that the rule of the House, excluding abolition petitions, kas been rescinded. All the Representatives from Missouri were in their places and voted against this movement, except Judge Bowlin, whose name does not appear among the ayes and nays. It is now apparent that the halls of Congress are to be made the theatre for the annual agitation of the exciting topic of Abolition, and the consequences which will result from this course may be of the most serious character. The rights of the South are thus placed in jeopardy; for whatever countenances the agitation of that subject is so much gained by the abolitionists. It may be, however, that the reception of Abolition petitions will be objected to, and the question of reception laid upon the table, as is the practice of the Senate—but the adoption of that course is barely possible, as shown by previous votes on receiving such documents and referring them to Committees.

By the analysis of the votes, as published in the spectator, it appears that 67 Democrats and 13 Whigs voted for the rule of Mr. Dromgoole, 56 Democrats and 49 Whigs against it. On the previous day, the House passed the following resolution, with only 23 dissenting votes:

"*Resolved*, That Congress has no power under the Constitution, to interfere with, or control, the domestic institutions of the several States; and that such States are the sole and proper judges of every thing appertaining to their own affairs, not prohibited by the Constitution; that all efforts of the Abolitionists or others, made to induce Congress to interfere with questions of slavery, or to take incipient steps in relation thereto, are calculated to lead to the most alarming and dangerous consequences, and that all such efforts have an inevitable tendency to diminish the happiness of the people, and endanger the stability and permanency of the Union, and ought not to be countenanced by any friend to our political institutions."

Now, it is obvious that one of the efforts to which Abolitionists resort to induce Congress to interfere with the question of slavery, is to force petitions praying for its Abolition in the District of Columbia and the Territories, upon the House at every session. It is difficult to reconcile the votes of the House on the 26th and 27th with consistency and fair dealing. The question is one which should be met boldly. It involves the vital interest of too many States in the Union to be tampered with in any way, and the South will unquestionably hold responsible for the consequences, all of those who have thus voted to open the door to a war upon this institution of slavery. Fanaticism can be safely encountered in only one way, and that is by an open, determined and spirited resistance. The mere agitation of the question is pregnant with serious mischief.—[Missouri Reporter.

True but Melancholy.—We have it from good authority that the girls in some parts are so hard run for husbands that they sometimes take up with lawyers and quack doctors.

A schoolmaster in Ohio, advertises that he will keep a Sunday school twice a week, on Tuesdays and Saturdays.